HOLMES COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

A Political and Family Journal, Devoted to the Interests of Holmes County, and Local and General Intelligence.

Sories, Vol. XXVIII.

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MILLERSBURG, O.

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On short notice, and at prices to suit custom ers. We use none but the very best materia and no not besitate to warrant every job the goes out of the shop.

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MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, O., THURSDAY, JAN. 18, 1872.

Series, Vol. II, No. 22.

County Officials.

Concount Piens Judge, WILLIAM BEED.
Problets Judge, THOMAS ARMOR.
Problets Judge, C. F. VOORERS.
County Clerk, JOHN S. ORE.
Sherif, JANES S. McCORE.
Audilor, JOSEPH H. NEWYON.
Treasseer, JACOR CHERRYHOLMER.
Recorder, W. C. McDow Ell.
AND WORKMAN.
Commissioners. Macor Fisher. JACOR FISHER, (DAS'L BAUGHWAN, JOSHUA SPONAGLE, HENRY SHAFFER, Informary Directors, JOHN SHARP,

Railway Time Tables.

Cleveland, Mt. Vernon & Delaware R. I

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GOING NORTH.

Ex. & Mail. Accom'dn.

Leave Millersburg, 5-28 A. M. 150 P. M.

Holmesville, 5-38 ... 123 ...

Predericksburg, 5-28 ... 123 ...

Predericksburg, 5-28 ... 123 ...

Apple Creek, 6-38 ... 123 ...

Accom'dn.

Ex. & Marillalville, 7-14 ...

Akron, 8-58 ... 5-27 ...

Atr. at Cleveland, 10-10 ...

GOING SOITE.

Accom'dn.

Leave Cleveland, 7-18 A. M. 5-24 ...

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Gorville, 9-31 ... 125 ...

Grylle, 9-31 ... 125 ...

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Art. at Millersburg, 11-20 ...

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Art. at Millersbur e Cleveland, 325 P.3.
Akron, 7.18 A. M. 505 P.3.
Marshallville, 9.06 " 508 " 505 P.3.
Orrelle S. " 19.26 " 515 P.3.
Apple Greek, 19.26 " 725 P.4.
Frederickab'rg, 19.25 " 725 P.4.
Robinesville, 11.25 " 725 P.4.
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All goods sold at small profits and delivered HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR

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HATS AND CAPS,

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Which he offers for

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AT SMALL PROFITS

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Jackson St., Millersburg, O.

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We are also agent for the Howe Sewing Machine, and keep on hand Needles, Fixtures and Pindings; till by the bottle or gress.

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At the BOOK STORE.

Threshing Machine NOW IN USE.

IF YOUW ANT THE

Call on THORNTON BOLING. NASHVILLE, OHIO. Agent for the Aultman & Taylor Machines, Of Mansfield, O.

Millersburg,

MY BIRTHDAY.

I grieve not with the mouning wind As if a loss befell; Before me, even lefore me, even as behind, God is, and all is well.

If slim the gold of life has grown,'
I will not count it dross. Nor turn from treasures still my own To sigh for lack and loss. Love watches o'er my quiet ways, Kind voices speak my name, And lips that find it hard to praise Are slow, at least to blame.

How softly cbb the tides of will! How fields once lost or won, Now lie behind me green and still Beneath a level sun? How hushed the hiss of party hate, The clamor of the throng! How old, harsh voices of debate Flow into rhythmic song!

Best for the weary bands is good, And love for hearts that pine, But let the manly habitude Of upright souls be mine.

Be near in mine hours of need,

-to use a slang that seems almost ob-

sale of garments, old or new, although the nimble penny had an attraction for him; but now and then Levy S. Davis -old '£ s. d.,' as they called him-venured into buying rare and curious old silver: crucifies and altar plate he was specially fond of: and, accompanied by a sweating and puffing Anglo-Saxon ervant, carrying Heaven knows how nany ounces of old plate in a canvas ong, Levy would venture far into the lands of the Philistines, and sell his 'God bless me-what fine work!' cried

Mr. Borax, the eminent jeweler. 'Where 'That's mi buziness, Sir; but I know you'll buy it. God bless me! you know

old that for 25s. an ounce that he had given only 5s. for; while the crucifix, Read This! some great nobleman's house; and Mr. Davis grew rich. Where did he get these works of art? It was in the old time, and ships from beyond seas-es-CARRIAGE

said, one day.

they then fetched. SHIRES, SNYDER & KORNS candles' ends, till his neighbors won- name because he loved her from the

office. As this lawyer was under Mr. by the servants more frequently than Davis' thumb-he had foolishly been Miss Myra. joint security for a defaulting client-'And, mamma dear,' said Myra, 'they oung 's. d.' had his articles presented believe just what we do. There was Dr. im gratis, upon paying for the stamps Smiler expounding Malachi the other only; and old '£ s. d.' chuckled with day, and he said just the same as you be 'a gentleman by act of Parliament.'

up-buy 'em up.'

his trouble as well. His priest came penitential psalms, and his heart was

'Sammy!' cried he, one day, 'Wot's the row?' asked the young limb of the law, who was practicing engrossing on some blue-lined dratt-paper, and irritating his father's soul by

using it wastefully. 'Such a boy!' said Davis senior, peerishly. 'There ain't no row-o'ny there will be. I'm goin' to die.'

'S'help me-'Bob,' said the boy, piously. 'I'll leave it all to shtrangers, and

'No, you won't,' returned 's, d.' jun-He was quite right. He did not. But he did build one end of a meeting-house, or synagogue, and he worried all his rethren till he made them subscribe toward it, for which he took all the

life; but in due time he slept with his which his congregation knew nothing, low, with a taste for opera, flowers, drank in every word; and upon one Covent Garden, fish dinners, and dry Sunday, when the doctor read the Serwines. He was an admitted attorney, mon on the Mount'-that most beautideed, little need for work. But he took no one could excel, Myra felt her soul a house in a side street running out of go, as it were, from her, and fell back Piccadilly, and on the door he placed in her pew, a convert to those tender, the name of-

MR. DAVIS TABERNACLE,

He thought the name a good one. He mers, thinking upon cent. per cent. Dr. hated the name and tribe of Levy, and Smiler thought of the appropriate acabominated Samuels; but Davis, he tion, and was kinkled into enthusiasm presumed, was Welsh, and the surname, at the glory of the words as a mere ne asserted, he inherited from his fa-

of whom he was so unworthy as to be having cribbed the ideas of some learned in Mr. Tabernacle's little back-room half-loved—for she was a lover of the

one clerk, he was full of business. He cursus, leaving the minor prophets to moved in society of a peculiar sort; take care of themselves; and so explenty of lords and ladies, honorables, pounded Isaiah lii.—while Mr. Taber-liberal young men had asked him to that, I love you—by—' and he struck pounded Isaiah lii.—while Mr. Taber-liberal young men had asked him to the blotting-had with his ruler—'I do.

and the bine-black Israelite, who al-ways has a dark blue mark round his meaning of the low courtesy Myragave to pay some old scores. shaven chin, and the ladies of whose him as he passed by, rustling in his silk tribe have a tendency to wear mus- gown, to bless and dismiss his congretaches. Mr. Tabernacle was of the gation from the altar, how differently mealy kind; had very red lips, a white would his heart have swelled! Poor skin, flaxen bair, and silver evebrows man, he was utterly unconscious of the and evelashes. In those days every work he had done, or, rather, combody did not wear mustaches-which, pleted. had he worn, young Tabernacle would 'How beautiful are the feet of those

undoubtedly have dyed; and our soll- who bring good tidings,' murmured citor's early education at that great uni- humble Myra to herself, with a pang of versity, which was then profanely pain, as she thought of her mother. called 'Stink-o'-malee,' prevented him Dr. Smiler, as he stripped off his sac from tripping into Angle-Judaic ar- erdotal robes, seemed to think so too, as front-room, waiting; and the green chaisms in his speech. A Welshman he his eyes fell upon his neat black silk baize door was not, though Tabernacle was, from the Welsh Tebernacies, to all stockings, shapely legs, and patent-did not know it, quite shut.

people except his wife, his daughter, leather pumps.
and his own people.
What a thing is faith! The son of There was som There was somebody in that fashionbut he yet married from among them, daughter desired to see; for, in modern and Mrs. Tabernacie, though by no life, even our prayer-goings are not means indifferent to the charms of so- quite pure. This gentleman-for the ciety, was devoted to the religion of her person was male-was Mr. Percy Gowpeople. So was her lamented father- er-or Gore, as people called him-one only five feet one inch in height, had, barony. qually with a giant, a soul-and one, Collaterally descended from the poet

the Egyptians with an incredible devo- breed on, both sides for some generation; but his unworthy son, though he tions; but had the misfortune, in too spoiled the Egyptians, worked on worldly point, of good families generalthe Jewish Sabbath, and frequently ly—he did not value money as the world went to churches where he might meet values it. He had a vast love for what with his clients at their devotions. It is beautiful, and a taste which was quite is with grief that we explain that Mr. unexceptionable, but very general. He Tabernacle did not go there from relig- not only loved fine horses and wellious purposes. He even affected to built carriages, but knew and apprecisleep during the sermon; but he was ated a good yacht, a fine picture, and a accompanied by his daughter Myra. well-bound book. If he loved a good self. Sit down a moment.' Myra was a beauty, and, better than cigar, he also desired a sound and even

Myra, who was a fine brunette-a true were from Gillow; his diamonds from mixture of mealy Mr. Tabernacle and Storr and Mortimer; and his wines his ravan-haired, black-eyed wife-ac- were not bought from Messrs. Gilby. companied him every where, even to So, again, his pictures were by Landerend Dr. Smiler, the fashionable of the other Academicians'; and his preacher of the day. Some woman have horses were picked from the very best pers. a penchant toward theology. Myra's studs. He wanted but little here bemother was a learned Jewess, and held low, but he wanted that little good. theologic discourses with her rabbis; Unfortunately he inherited this taste a fine piece of work when you sees it, and had demolished Christianity so of- from a father who desired considerably Sir' I always sez, sez I, 'if there is a ten that Myra began to be excited about more than he did, and had left Percy

she hardly knew what to do-she kept marked with a white stone. He had quietly to herself, saying nothing to never seen such a goodnatured solicitor. her mother, and very little to her fa- All solicitor so far as he knew, were more or less money-lenders;

'Are Christains good men, papa?' she and Mr. Tabernacle was the most easonable and free of all Among Percy's expensive habits was 'Uncommonly good, my dear-for one very selfish indulgence, which cost him a good deal. He was fond of the with them than with our own people! beautiful and the True; and the most beautiful and the truest was, he found, would now fetch ten times the price one of them. 'I don't care how little I poor, broken-down author, who had been trying all his life to preach to a 'Well, I'll tell the truth,' said Mr. deaf world, who had not found the world at all ready to fasten to him. In his despair he tried to establish a newsand took larger interest, and saved even He had given his daughter that fine paper written on asthetic principles, so

as to criticise matters with some regard to good nature and truth. Percy met the poor man just as his love for True had lodged him in prison, paid his debts, and absolutely carried on the paper. It did not improve his estate; and Mr. Tabernacle very wisely made him abandon the venture, though he still aided the author. Mr. Tabernacle liked the young manfor we all admire our opposites; and there was a free-handed liberality about Percy Gower that made Mr. Tabernacle tingle all over when he thought of it. He aided him as much as he could; but he took care his I O U for every advance depreciation, he managed to buy up a great many of Mr. Percy's little bills. Hence he not unnaturally looked upon Percy as his property; and hence his frequent visits to the little chapel where

Myra turned away from the two, and Dr. Smiler preached to a most select ought her own room. At church her audience, and where Myra had been congrowing convictions came upon her verted. 'I wonder, I do,' said Mr. Tabernacle 'what he comes here so often for. He's cionary or apostolic zeal, had yet, withquite a good young man, he is. When out his knowing it, managed to convert his uncle dies, now-' Then Taber-

her. Of what good may we not be the nacle was silent, and did a sum of menunconscious instruments! Smiler, D. tal arithmetic. D., was a spooney, soft fellew, who preached touching sermons, very well dering what that charming young lady -who never had a prayer-book, and learning, but borrowed a good deal; was always indebted to a gray-headed and was a beautiful reader. He would gentleman in the next pew for the use of his—could do in little Tabernacle's "Time enough for that, father,' returned 's. d." junior, without looking well as his weakness, he took care to
well as his weakness, he took care to almost weep at his own tones when he pick out the Sundays of the finest lessons, gospels, etc., and would then read there was a rumor among the set who himself nearly the whole of the service, knew him that Mr. Tabernacle was gay bachelor, very familiar with the various theatres, and on very intimate terms with certain lady artistes whose portraits appear in the shop windows. Moreover, Mr. Percy had once met this charming young lady who sat in fixed?" the pew gazing with such rapt admiration on the Reverend Smiler, and had

'Old Tabby's a lucky fellow,' he a one!" he thought, as he buried his face in his hat, and prepared to take but did not practice much, and had, in- ful of all written lessons-in a way that his seat-for even at chapel he worand goodness.

'I'll ask him to-morrow,' said Percy, as the Reverend Smiler, in his persuasive tones, rose and began with, 'When the wicked man-' And a very fine elocutional exercise

ashamed; and, although he had but commentator on Isalah, he made an ex-one clerk, he was full of business. He cursus, leaving the minor prophets to was 'ined not only with deed-boxes, but at her father's rudeness.

and so on, did he know-after a man- nacle was snoring-that the scales take care of; and Mr. Tabernacle, in the blotting-pad with his ruler-'I do. ner; and he, as we have said, was accepted as a Christian attorney. There and she was forever converted.

Seemed to fall from the eyes of Myra, his shiny cane-bottomed chair, listened will raise me. Did you not know me? will raise me. Did you not know me? with the points of his fingers tapping me, Sir, but I put the pot on you—I did, Not a hit my dear one. I thought are two or three sorts of Jews: the Oh, if Dr. Smiler-who was so well against each other, to Mr. Percy Go- by Moses!" mealy Jew, the red or sanguine Jew, pleased with himself that morning- wer's little plea. He wanted to raise Nature resumed her sway. Mr. Dasome more money, but he wanted this vis Tabernacle swore by his patriarch, and was at ease.

'For, he thought it time to begin to think-just to begin, you know-of was in answer to Mr. Percy Gower's marrying,' as he said. 'Umph! Umph!' said Mr. Tabernacle, for a purpose.' Percy started. dark cloud settling on his face.

Money-lenders do say 'Umph!' when oney is 'tight,' and it is always tight. little man. 'I wanted to set you free-I did, by Heaven!" 'Umph!' he said again. His daughter Myra had insisted upon coming to town with him, and upon ed on the impulse of the moment. spending a good deal of money for-

mamma and herself. She was in the his solicitor's hand. Percy sat still. He had heard the dreadful monosyllable before—'Umph!' free upon your rightful lands—fine
'Sh-stay a bit,' said Tabernaele, turnlands; I've seen them all. You will be 'Sh-stay a bit,' said Tabernaele, turn-

old '£ s. d.' was ashamed of his people; able chapel whom both father and ing pale, and for once relapsing into a like a little king, Sir; but on one condipronunciation not recognized by Uni- tion.' versity College. 'You said you thought Percy started. about settling, Mr. Percy. Have you your eye on anyone?" The lover of the Beautiful and True in-law, as we have seen; who, although of an intellectual race, and heir to a said he had. He had, indeed, fixed his Nickleby and the Brothers Cheeryble? eye rather tightly—since young men of But the question was put for a moment. his condition are particularly eager, The soft, Insinuating, mean tone of Mr. as he felt, to be saved. Hence he spoiled Gower, the young fellow was of good when they see the Beautiful, ets., to try Tabernacle made every nerve of Percy

to passess it. 'Well, ye-es,' returned Percy, wonder- of herself, could not but listen-to be ing what it had to do with Tabernacle. suffused with blushes. 'Umph!' said the lawyer, speaking harshly, and turning a dreadful nasty color. 'You must think of another set-'Upon what condition?' tlement, Mr. Percy.

'What do you mean, Sir?' said the gentleman, rising. 'What I say, Sir. Don't disturb your-Tabernacle spoke thick and quickly. Percy stared. He did not even know He was evidently in a rage. Percy nor had cared to inquire, if his solici- against the sentlel over was preferred in a beauty, a really good girl. Mr. Tab-ernacle had married early, and was a fortunate young fellow—who, like the was quite calm. The lover of the Beau-tor had a daughter.

well-preserved—handsome in his own the heroes of the noble historian of tiful tapped his elegant boot—made by 'You shall have all your bills, and ing justice, and filled the Essex Market eyes — well-dressed, and prosperous 'Paul Clifford,' was a worshiper of the young gentleman (act of Parliament, Beautiful—fell also at the feet of the with some assurance; and, looking shall, so help me Heaven! She's as "He annoys me much your honor," Geo. -, cap. -) when his daughter, True and the Good. If he built a shoot- rather amused than angry, awaited his good as gold-and gold you shall have said the silver-voiced queen of song. with the vigorous adolescence of her ing-box, it was a gem; if he purchased solicitor's convenience. For being a with her. Your uncle can't last long, "He follows me everywhere. If I walk race, was a full-grown woman of eigh- a gun, it was admirable in its make; all lover of the Beautiful, be seemed to and then you and she will be a lord and in the street, he is at my side; if I enteen. The attorney was very fond of his volumes were bound by Riviere; his have had arithmetic left out of his com- lady, and I'll come and see you some ter a door he is with me. He foolishly her, dotingly foud of her, indeed; and clothes were made by Hill; his cabinets position, and had some idea that he had time. "Tisn't any thing so rare. Lord believes that he loves me, and that I only to tap another vein of his fortune, Demimonde married the daughter of am essential to his happiness. Please and he would again discover gold in old Sounds, the fish-monger, and got tell him to give me peace.'

Tabernacle unlocked a tin box, richly church, where she sat under the Rev- seer or Millais—and he bought very few japanned in curious and inartistic red

'Look at that, Sir,' he said. The sois always selling off in consequence of mention with respect, since she is unly in the ecstacy of his adoration. increasing his wonderful stock. That known—knows of this shameful bar-"He says, your honor." cont man who has a fine nose for a piece of good work, Muster Borax is the mam.'

And, Sir, Davis ish mi name.'

The day on which Percy met with the second of the curious change—at the day on which Percy met with the curious change—at the day on which Percy met with the curious change—at the day on which Percy met with the curious change—at the day on which Percy met with the curious change—at the day on which Percy met with the curious change—at the day on which Percy met with the curious change and percentage of the day on which Percy met with the curious change and percentage of the day on which Percy met with the curious change and percentage of the day on which Percy met with the curious change and percentage of the day on which Percy met with the curious change and percentage of the day on which Percy met with the curious change and percentage of the day on which Percy met with the curious change and percentage of the day on which Percy met with the curious change and percentage of the day on which Percy met with the curious change and percentage of the day on which Percy met with the percentage of the day on which Percy met with the curious change and percentage of the day on which Percy met with the percentage of the day ly at it. 'A very fine s

'And a very fine price, Mr. Gower.Sir. said Tabernacle, with a triumphant grin. 'I bought that bill from Mr. Babcockfor a consideration. He did not like to

wait for your money.' Mr. Percy half rose from his seat, and urned crimson. 'Who authorized you to tamper with

my tradesmen?' he asked, haughtily. 'Why, I'm your best friend,' sniggerand they will trust you again. But ing to your own showing, it will not be not after that ' 'What do you mean?'

'That you are not worth a penny, Mr. Gower, Sir-you are un to the hilts and not be for long years yet-' 'I hope so,' said Fercy, piously.

'Well, that's about the cruelst thing to your creditors you ever said-and to yourself too. Think of the interest.' Percy was silent. He felt that what l'abernacle said was true, and yet that he dared not desire the death of his uncle, whose continued lease of life was, however, very unpleasant to him. 'Surely,' he said, after a pause' 'yo can not be in earnest, Mr. Tabernacle?

I know you take a great deal of interest in my affairs.' 'As to that,' said the lawyer, feeling the word, though Percy had not intend ed it, 'it's very little principal I get, Mr. terly bewildered. Gower. You were quite right when you said you were about to settle, your debts first, or marry a fortune, or be a beggar. Who is she-tell me?'

The little money-lender was quite en raged.
Myra peeped through the crack of the loor, and saw the indignant face of Percy staring in great rage, and heard him

leclaim against the insult. 'Insult, or no insult, Mr. Gower, sale the money-lender, 'your in my debt. Every penny you have got,or will have for years, won't pay me. I could send you to prison to-morrow, Mr. Gower I could. I've bought up all your little bills-you have one or two out, you now-and all your debts.'

'What right had you, Sir?' 'The right that money has to employ tself how it likes. I had my purpos Who is the lady? 'What is that to you?' 'A great deal. Don't go. Sit still,

Mr. Gower, Sir, and listen. Is she 'I don't know that she has any property,' said Percy, laughing at the solici-

you would soon have heard. Is the day her humanity -- when, suddenly, she the dividing line, and where they found him at her feet. Tabernacle leaned forward, with his sharp, pale countenance looking still danced with her; nay, he had heard sharper, his eyes blinking and glistenher name from his hostess-Miss Myra ing under his white eye-lashes, and a He did not say more, as she raised him talked about generally with no benefit world of power and insolence in his

If young heirs knew that their crediget so lovely a companion—and so good tors looked upon them as their personal property, very likely their pride would make them less profuse and profligate. 'Mr. Tabernacle, if I were not obliged shiped the Beautiful and the True. He to you by former kindness-which cerwill humor you. I have not even proposed to the young lady. I-'

'All right, Mr. Gower,' cried Tabernacle, radiant in a moment-'all, right, Sir. Then there's no fear; the pet plan of my heart will not be defeated. Oh, Mr. Gower, Sir, how you have flurried chair, and whirled, dancing, into the

'I don't mind telling you Sir'-this smile-that I bought up all your debts

'It was a good purpose, Sir!' said the Percy, at this strange confession act-

"Generous man!" he said, grasping 'But it was for a purpose. I will be honest, Sir. You owe upward of thirty dead; and by jingo! you could have bought all these to give you, to set you paid me off when you liked, and—

Could there be such real generosity! fabulous characters of Mr. Ralph tingle, and caused Myra-who, in snite Percy drew himself up, and asked

The answer came in an eager whis 'That you marry my daughter!' Myra heard it, and sank upon her

only twenty thousand. The Marquis 'Stop, Mr. Tabernacle,' said Percy. ed every movement of her lips, and his dabs, and took out a number of pa- 'I don't know your daughter, and I ears drank in every sound of her melinjury of wedding her to a husband who cannot love her.'

'Very well-very well, Mr. Gower, 'As for yourself I am I suppose ought to be-obliged by your offer; but I am not obliged by your threat. You can at once commence an action for the recovery of your claims. My family solicitor will see to that. I dark ed Tabernacle. 'Go there to-morrow, say I can endure poverty; but, accord-

for long." The white evebrows and evelashes of Mr. Tabernacle looked whiter than ever as his client spoke. When he had finthat when your uncle dies, which may ished, he dashed his knife into his blotting-pad, and cried out:

'Stay, Mr. Gower, if you please-just daughter?'

er,' she said, very calmly and very softlike you all the more because you are men are expected to do as much for as true, even to one to whom you are not little pay as the publisher. pledged. Thank God that I have been offered to an honorable man!

'Are you-are you-' cried Percy, uttell him this is true.'

failed him.

true, frank loyalty, though-' Her eyes fell as they met his, and disposition. In publishing gratuito

up, and glad surprise looked at him with to himself or anybody else. eyes so full of joy that he could not

He drew her to him, and kissed he 'Myra darling, you love me, and I idore you!" 'Hallo!' cried the bewildered Tabernacle; 'what's up now? I say, Mr.

allow me to say that I accept your of-'Then it's all right, after all-and I didn't put the pot on for nothing!' Mr. Tabernacle jumped up from his next room, through the green baize

Holmes Co. Republican.

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'So it is-Myra Cavendish.'

'And Tabernacle too!' said Percy slyly looking at her, with his wide blue eves full of love.

'But I hope it won't be so long, darling,' whispered Myra, in a voice heard only by her lover. His imperious eyes had seemed to demand that confession. Percy Gower put a great red seal, manufactured by four red lips, upon the contract, and felt that Myra was his wife indeed.

'I say, Mr. Percy Gower, Sir,' said Tabernacle, coming in through another door, 'you might have kicked me out. you know safely. Lord Arable is just

'But you won't go from your bargain now. You're an ho norable man, Sir; and as soon as you like you can have the money, and make that young woman Lady Arable.'

'But,' said Percy, looking down in his Could a West End solicitor unite the kindly, noble, haughty, air-rainqueur way, with which he extinguished the licitor, 'she will be Mr. Tabernacle's

daughter still!" Wilsson and Her Adorer.

Justice Scott was yesterday called upon to adjudicate in a singular case, the memory of which will remain with him as long as he lives. The complainant is none other than Christine Nilsson, the renowned songstress, and the defendant one Charles Theodore Busch, a German musician of three score Cupid's shafts until his aged head had turned. Mile. Nilsson's complaint low, sweet tones that thrilled the blush-

While Mile, Nilsson was thus plead-

ing, poor love-lorn Busch's eyes follow-

never shall, for I love another. I can liftuous voice. Edging nearer and 'Look at that, Sir,' he said. The so not marry a woman I don't love, not nearer to his fair enslaver he seized the licitor exhibited a bill for £190 from even for a hundred thousand pounds; Mr. Babcock's the eminent jeweler, who and if the young lady-when I must hurriedly to his lips, kissed it repeated-

> "He says, your honor," continued again, mademoiselle," said the Justice, with a smile. "Mr. Busch, I shall require you to give bonds in \$300 to keep

the peace toward the lady for six The aged victim of unrequited love

Gratuitous Notices. Somebody who has suffered from an

excess of gratuitous puffing 'rises to explain' after the following fashion : "The local columns of a newspaper are the most valuable to advertiser, because they are the first read by everybody, and no publisher can give them up to puffing this man's patent mohogany sausage stuffer or that one's new fan stay a moment. So you reject my gled, double and twisted stump puller, 'I--' returned Percy. But before he ing a newspaper is a legitimate business could finish the sentence the door and the newspaper man should have opened, and Myra stood between them. pay for his labor the same as the man who carries the hod or wields the hammer in the blacksmith shop. It costs ly. 'I reject you. I have heard all. I money, time, and a vast deal of patience admire and honor your behavior, and to conduct a newspaper, and no class of

Much of this service, an exchange remarks, whether valuable or worthless, arises from thoughtlessness by those who apply for it. They would not think 'Let me say all I have to say-for I of asking a carpenter to work a day or am weak and wounded-and then let two for nothing, or expect a grocer to me go. I forbid'-she stamped her foot give them a ham because they had here, and her eyes flashed fire on her bought a bushel of potatoes; but in a father-'I forbid my father to make you printing office it is only, in their estimathe victim of my refusal. I beg him to tion, a few minutes labor to write 'a wound me even more than he has, but puff,' and it costs no more to put— not you; and I give you to understand, that in type and publish it than the Sir, that I had no more knowledge of same quantity of matter in a news item this shameful offer than I had that my for which there is no expectation of father dealt in money—as Jews have special pay. Many, therefore, receive done for centuries. Speak, father, and the favor as a thing of course, and some even grumble if a notice of them or 'It is true, Mr. Percy Gower,' said their wares is not coupled with a direct or indirect disparagement of somebo His little game seemed 'up' for the else in the same hue of trade. If there present. Generally, he could make men should be an intimation that the solicitpliable as wax by money. This one had ed notice is a purely personal matter to failed him.

'And now, good-by. Forget that you derived from it insures to himself, and have seen my humiliation; forget my therefore the service should be paid for father's base proposition; and think at like any other service, it is considered a least that among our people there is one sufficient answer that 'the other paper' who would not stoop to a mean action. does such work for nothing, while such Let me take your hand. I like your a reminder is regarded as severe rebuke to an avaricious or unaccommodating filled with tears. He was her beau as is proper, notices of public and beideal-the one man she could have nevolent objects, they have established a "Then she has none. If she had any, loved. She raised his hand to kiss it in practice where it is often hard to draw trequently overstep it. Good judge-'Miss Cavendish,' he said-'dear Myra, ment and a little firmness would corforgive me. I did not know, really-I rect an evil evry country publisher feels and which he has sometime or other

Betting on Raindrops.

According to the Pioneer, betting on drops of rain is just now the fashion in Calcutta, where even respectable native merchants bet very large sums about the rainfall. When the weather becomes cloudy wagers are laid as to the time within which the downpour may be expected. The wager being laid, the crowd wait patiently to see the water run out of the spouts, for a drizzle is not recognized, and unless the water drips from the spouts, the party who bets that it will not rain has

'I beg pardon, Mr. Tabernacle; bu

From the Atlantic Mouthly,

J. G. WHITTIER. Beneath the moonlight and the snow Lies dead my latest years; The winter winds are wailing low its dirges in my ear.

Not mindless of the growing years Of care and loss and pain, My eyes are wet with thankful tears For blessings which remain.

Methinks the spirit's temper grows Too soft in this still air, Somewhat the restful heart foregoes Of needed watch and prayer. The bark by tempest vainly tossed May founder in the calm, And he who braved the polar frost Faint by the isles of baim.

To soothe, or cheer, or warm.

And down these slopes of sunset lead

As up the hills of morn! Mr. Tabernacle's Daughter.

Old Levy Samuel Davis, of Clothiers Alley, St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, Little Britain, was as 'downey a cove' ens wrote 'Oliver Twist'-as you could find in the three kingdoms. He rose early, and he went to bed late; and he

And, Sir, Davis ish mi name."

pecially from Spain and the Low Coun- Bah! He snapped his fingers at them, tries-brought rare treasures, which for he had lately been set at defiance by see of them!" As Mr. Davis grew old, he who had assisted at the spoiling of many churches Tabernacle. 'They are good. They've bethought himself that he would enrich treated me well, anyhow; and I always his own; so he scraped more and more, tell Myra Cavendish the truth.' lered at his parsimony. Even his fa- first. Love of off-spring is very strong vorite son was mulcted of some part of with men and women of his race; and is education; and Mr. Samuel Davis somehow the baby had grown up with junior was taken from University Col- the second fine name always sticking to lege, London, and put into a lawyer's her. She was called 'Miss Cavendish'

pride as he thought that his son would did.' 'Some of their priests are learned,' re-'S'help me Benjamin!' interjected turned Mrs. Tabernacles. 'It didn't mats. d., who in his hot youth had a ter where you go, perhaps, as I have with proper interest; and, by judicious wicked wit, 'it's the only way we can thoroughly grounded you; and as for Samuel, your father-

'O'd yer tongue-o'd yer tongue,' 'Tut, tut! I go upon busin cried the old man. We can buy 'em lear. What does it matter what you believe? It matters what you do.' His money increased marvelously, but and read him the holy books and the with redoubled force; and Dr. Smiler, who was by no means gifted with mis-

build a tabernacle, if you ain't good.'

eredit; and henceforward he was called and back up his soft sermons with Old Tabernacle.

to help his curate-or, rather, assistant -who was, of course, a good roll to him. It was whispered that he answered an applicant for the post with, 'you're exactly the man I want; but you have a magnificent voice, and you read well therefore you won't do for me.' Knowing his weakness as well as his strength, the doctor used to supplement learned discourses on the 'minor prophets;, and, as he drew from sources fathers, leaving 's. d.' a gay young fel- he seemed a prodigy of learning. Myra thought. 'Where the dooce does he

> holy, and persuasive words. Mr. Tabernacle sat peering through his white eyelashes at one of his custo-

loved that which was lovely, and My- tainly I begin now to suspect-I should ra's face was indeed full of sweetness throw you out the window. As it is, I Percy Gower, Sir!

Smiler made of it. He won the hearts lesson; and there, crouching in the of those who listened reverently, and

nistake their import.

ther. He was old Tarbernacle, and his son had been often in his lifetime called to his sat. When the doctor read the Absolution, fanned himself with a handkerchiaf.

When the doctor read the Absolution, fanned himself with a handkerchiaf.

When the doctor read the Absolution, fanned himself with a handkerchiaf.

Whyra, lis